

How to Train Your Dragon 3: A Night Fury's Tale

by Dragon Of The Celestial Ocean

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Summary: (HTTYD 2 Spoilers) For years both Hiccup and Toothless have traveled in search for other dragons. They have searched high and low for any kind they could add to the Book of Dragons. But it has always been their deepest desire to find another Night Fury, and when they gain word of a possible sighting, will it be true? Or will it just be another failed endeavor?

How to Train Your Dragon 3: A Night Fury's Tale

Disclaimer: I do not own "How to Train Your Dragon," and never will.

A/N: So after seeing the second movie, I've had ideas for the third swimming around in my head, so I thought now was better than ever to express them, so they don't dissipate.

* * *

><p>This is Berk: a land of harsh winters and very, very mild summers. Some embrace this rigid land as home, while othersâ€”namely the youngerâ€”find it a torturous frozen rock. The only thing that keeps us here are the dragons, for the warmth of their hearts fight away the cold and help us to see that no matter where you are, if you have a dragon by your side you will always be happy.

The white frosted mountain of the isle in which they lived glowed bright in the light of the rising sun. As a small black spot in the sky, Hiccup fell freely; eyes closed blissfully, as if asleep, and arms extended limply.

The homes below grew large as he neared, still peaceful. Then suddenly a black blur caught him, wings beating rapidly as it landed in the village below.

The dragon had landed on his side, his arms cradling the boy whose

eyes were now open.

He smiled at the dragon's inspecting eyes, "Good." He said, getting to his feet. "We didn't land so hard this time." He flipped his prosthetic to the walking side and stumbled momentarily. "It needs work though. If I was knocked off at a lower height, there's no way you could slow down in time."

The dragon lowered his brow, frowned.

"Oh, don't you pout on me! You remember what happened last time?"

The dragon remained unmoved by his words. Hiccup smiled playfully and prepared to pounce. His foot caught mud as he moved, and he fell flat on his face.

Toothless laughed at his clumsiness, and he stood slowly, covered in mud and holding a solemn expression, until he jumped and wrapped his arms around the dragon's neck, rubbing it off onto him.

The Night Fury shook him off, observing the spot he had left on him, then looked at the Viking, a predatory smirk growing.

Hiccup laughed, getting low, "It's on now!" He tried to parry, but the dragon tackled him, splashing his backside into the mud.

Toothless's mouth hung open as he held him there, batting his head as the Viking playfully swung at him, wistful taunts spouting from his mouth.

At that moment, Astrid walked from around the corner to see the two mud-covered friends in playful dispute. She let a smile touch her.
_Those two are one-of-a-kind. Inseparable. _

She cleared her throat loudly, gaining their attentions. "Now I thought, playing in the mud was for children."

Hiccup tried to stand but the stubborn dragon refused to move, tongue hanging out as he panted.

"Well, you see when you have a dragon as stubborn as _ahh_â€"" he yelled as the dragon applied more weight to him. "Okay," he wheezed, "you win, now let be breathe!" At that the dragon moved off from him and he took in a deep breath, rising to his feet.

"Looks like he got his revenge for something!"

"Oh, he was just bein' a big baby!" The dragon barked at him.

"Oh?" she said, seeing the look Toothless was giving him.

In a huff, Toothless whipped the mud that coated his wings at him. He shielded his face as it hit; the soggy goop was ice cold as it splashed him.

Both Astrid and Toothless were laughing as he shivered, hair cemented to his head.

At his unhappy frown, the dragon, cooed, rubbing his head against him and licking his face, reassuring him that they were still friends.

Hiccup smirked and rubbed the dragon's smiling head in understanding.
"I forgive ya, bud."

"I hate to ruin this moment, but you'd better get cleaned off and get somewhere warm before you turn into an icicle."

"Good Idea." He nodded, walking stiffly from the caked mud all over his body.

From a window on the second floor of their home, Valka and Cloudjumper watched them draw near. She laughed at her son, covered in mud, walking like a stick man toward the house. She then began to wonder at the Night Fury, thought: _Out of all the dragons, the Night Fury is the most incredible, in that it truly shows its love for their companion. Sure Cloudjumper expresses his love for me, but not as openly as a Night Fury. _She sighed;_ I wish there were more out there..._

End
file.